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MEND THE LINK

"We must have more ships."—*McKinley.*

Judge

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MEND THE LINK.

JUDGE (*to Uncle Sam*)—"McKinley said, "*We must have more ships!*"

Judge

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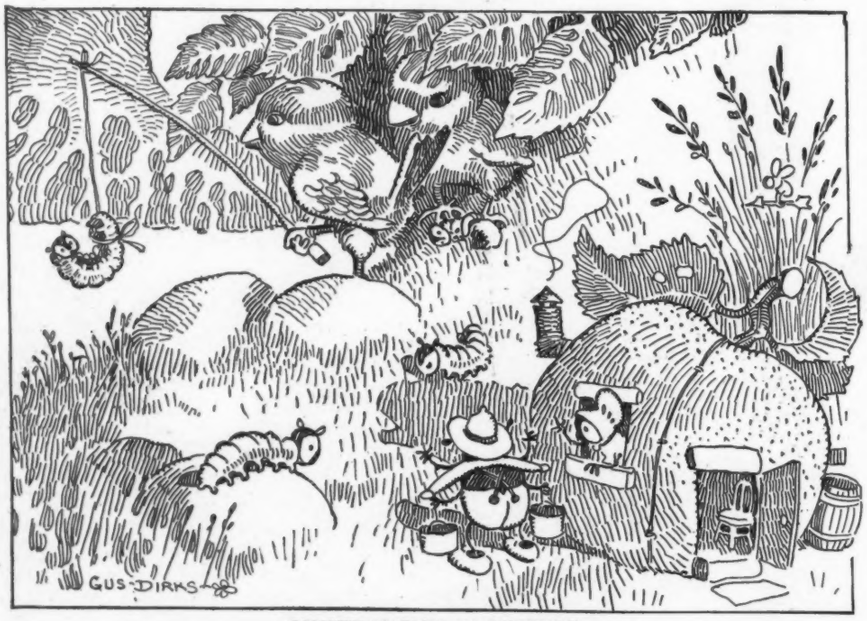
THE SNOWFLAKE, dainty little star,
Whirls gayly round the ashen bough,
The wild wind moans
And snores and groans,
The rooster roosts upon the cow,
While sphinx-like, in a joy full-blown,
The sceptred sausage holds the throne.

* * *

RUSSIA is threatened with a famine, owing to the reported failure of the crops. The Russian Jews, though enthusiastic and jubilant over this failure, which does not mean the payment of anything on the dollar, are still worried over the prospect of a possible bread riot. Let us express the fervent wish that Russia may succeed in laying in a sufficient quantity of American flour to avert such a catastrophe—a catastrophe which would be all the harder for her to bear, inasmuch as the Russian, so handicapped, could not tell which side his bread was candled on, because there would be no bread to spring the revelation. Uncle Sam is always ready to supply flour to any famine-stricken country, and he will doubtless see to it that Russia is not, figuratively speaking, left out in the cold. It would grieve him to see the Russian deprived of his meridian candle sandwich, and compelled to eat his candle straight, as he eats his banana. And yet we trust that Uncle Sam will keep enough flour in his own bins to prevent an angel-cake famine in our higher circles, and to make such a thing as a pie riot in New England an utter impossibility.



CONSTERNATION IN BUGVILLE.

FARMER BUG—"By hookey! If them infernal thieves ain't usin' our caterpillar cattle fer bait."

* * *

WHILE on these frosty days
The jays
Squawk loud their matin pow-wow
A blanket red is wound
Around
The spry unsausaged bow-wow;
And while with soul 's adream
We beam
Upon the piping *hot* pie,
The rabbit 's on the skip
To slip
The hunter of the pot-pie.

THE OLDEST INHABITANT now discourses at great length on the signs which, according to his observations, determine the character of the approaching winter. The words of this philosopher and seer with reference to the various antics of the muskrat, the squirrel and the bear, and their subtle meteoric meaning, are being listened to and dwelt upon and turned over in the mind of the average layman to such an extent that local papers honor his forecasts made on the grocery cracker barrel with respectful consideration, on account of their general interest for the common reader and their rare commercial value for the dealer who is puzzled as regards size of the stock of snow-shovels he should or should not lay in.

* * *

THE AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGICAL UNION has just held its annual convention, and, according to its reports, has done much to help the cause of wild-bird protection, especially that of the sea-bird. The union has been enabled to accomplish this good work through the instrumentality of the Thayer fund and the generosity of contributors. These contributions have placed the enthusiastic ornithologists in a position to employ janitors to preside over the destinies of the many breeding-places along the coast, and to patrol the islands where the birds do business and have their being, and to see to it that the feathered bipeds are not translated into bonnet-decorations and stuffed for the idyllic mantel-piece trade. On the subject of the national bird protection a well-known member of the United States Biological Survey, strangely enough, said nothing about protecting the national bird, probably believing that this glorious minstrel is thoroughly capable of taking care of himself. One of the most interesting papers had for a subject, "Are humming-birds cypseloid or caprimulgoid?" We regret to say that the question was not decided, and that we must be content to remain in ignorance on this important point. Probably the humming-bird himself does not know, and is not losing any sleep over the mooted question so long as his appetite is normal and he does not have to attempt to satisfy it on paper carnations scented with cologne. If he is satisfied we cannot see why science should bother about it, when society is doing its best to prevail over the ravages of a pumpkin famine.

* * *

WHILE THE SQUIRREL is busily engaged in laying up nuts for a snowy day a certain Chicago trust is gathering unto itself all the eggs that it can gather together, to the end that it may eventually corner the market and create a demand for eggs, probably by putting a fancy price on them—a price that will in itself entitle them to favorable consideration in the highest canvas-back and terrapin circles of society. It will be evident to all thinking people that each and every egg so corralled and put in trust will keep even longer than a tar-balled secret, when it is said that they are to be preserved by freezing. This process does not seem so absurd, on sober second thought, when it is considered that even a chicken may be frozen and kept for an indefinite period, that its youth and tenderness may also be preserved; for it cannot age or become tougher after the Reaper has once put his relentless hand upon it. The eggs so preserved are certain to retain all their quality of youthful friskiness and elasticity and not to become stale, flat, or unprofitable. They should also become sufficiently hard to be available as projectiles that could be used over and over again on any one who, through some misdemeanor or short-coming, might be deserving of so severe treatment. As cold contracts, it is to be hoped that the Chicago speculators have made their calculations accordingly. Suppose, for instance, that one hundred eggs should contract in a month of continuous freezing to ninety! That would mean a cold loss of ten per cent. And suppose that they should go on contracting at the same rate until, at the end of the tenth moon, there would be nothing left? Chicago speculators, as a rule, are pretty sharp and far-sighted, and it is therefore difficult to believe that they have not made calculations to cover all possible contingencies and make it impossible for any Eastern philosopher to point the finger of scorn and exhort them never to count their profits before the eggs are sold.

RIGHT IN IT.

THE BASS—"Feels as if we are going to have a hard winter."
THE PIKE—"Yes: I think we will if the ice freezes down much more."

THE LAST OF 'RASTUS.

UPON the roost he saw the bird,
And straightway tried to pluck him;
The spring-gun went off as he stirred,
And he never knew what struck him.

IT WOULD a much lesser quantity to upset the average American and stand him on his head if his drinks were as fearfully and wonderfully mixed as are his weather and his climate.

MENTAL MICROBES.

THE course of duty is another one that doesn't run smooth.

The way of the transgressor is barred by extradition treaties.

Fate gets a good deal of blame which belongs to stupidity.

The vice-presidency is not usually preceded by a vice-presidential bee.

The cloud has no silver lining for the man whose umbrella has been borrowed.

The bee doesn't talk about "making things hum"—it does the humming itself.

The man who rests on his laurels is apt to excite the suspicion that he won them by a fluke.

If you want ocular demonstration of the fact that the world moves, go to Harlem on the first of May.

W. E. MCKENNA.

A STRETCH.

BRONCO BILL—"So yer lynched th' wrong feller?"
ROUGH RUBE—"Yes. We imagined he was th' feller stole th' hoss, but he wasn't."
BRONCO BILL—"Huh! Yer should be more careful how yer stretch yer imagination."

ILLUSTRATED EXCLAMATION.
By Jove!

ALMOST INCONCEIVABLE.

Jaggles—"Goldstein is very absent-minded."

Waggles—"I should say so. There was a fire in his place before he had it insured."

THE VERMICELLIPHANT.

THE old vermicelliphant went
Right into the big circus tent.
He forgot, in his haste,
He was nothing but paste,
And he couldn't perform worth a cent.

CAROLYN WELLS.

EXTRAVAGANT LANGUAGE.

"WHAT do you think of the visible supply of wheat?"
"Oh, it's out of sight."

TOE-TALLY TRUE.

CASEY (*at the dime museum*)—"Shure, an' you're the *handiest* man wid your feet iver I seen."

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

MISS ELSIE FERGUSON IN "THE LIBERTY BELLES."

In the bevy of the Belles,
Buxom Belles!
You're a fairy-like front-liner,
And there's not another finer,
In the bunch of blithe bewitching little Belles, Belles, Belles,
The giggling and the wriggling Liberty Belles.

BOUND TO COMPLAIN.

THE farmer is a born complainer, and he can't help it.

Met one the other day driving a fine team of horses to a brand-new wagon. He had a farm to match, and the whole place looked prosperous.

"Well," said I, "times are pretty good with you, I guess."

"Oh, I don't know," said he, as if ashamed to kick.

"You've got a big crop of corn, haven't you?" I continued.

"Yes."

"And wheat?"

"Yes."

"And oats?"

"Yes."

"And fruit?"

"Yes."

"Everything, in fact, has turned out well?"

"Y-yes."

"Then why in thunder aren't you satisfied? Why aren't times pretty good with such an abundant yield of all your crops?"

"Oh, I don't know about that," said he gloomily. "My wife had twins last week."

WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

THE MERRY FARMER.

"Along his milky way."

CRŒSUS is now spoken of as a man who was as rich as Carnegie.

THE TITLE IS THE THING.

HE—"Would you marry a foreign nobleman?"
SHE—"No; not for love or money."
HE—"Of course not; but would you marry one?"

A CERTAIN amateur Cassius is said by an eminent critic of the wild west to be a howling success, inasmuch as he "sizzles with the mad, impassioned frenzy of a five-grain lithia tablet."

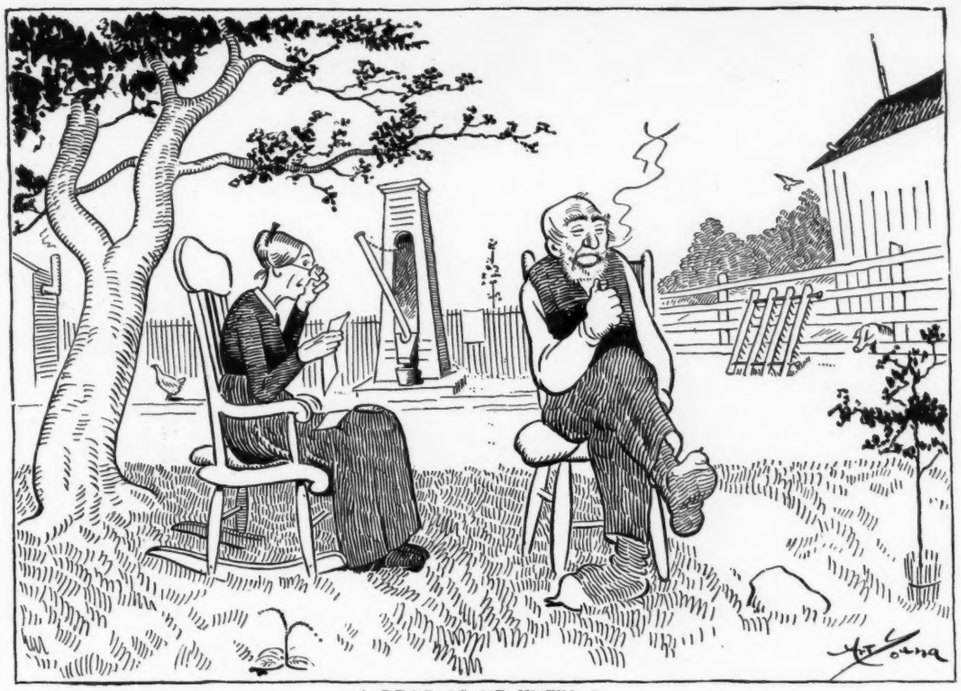
MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.

Order—"There is one thing I envy you, my friend."

Law—"What is that?"

Order—"You are never in need of a shave."

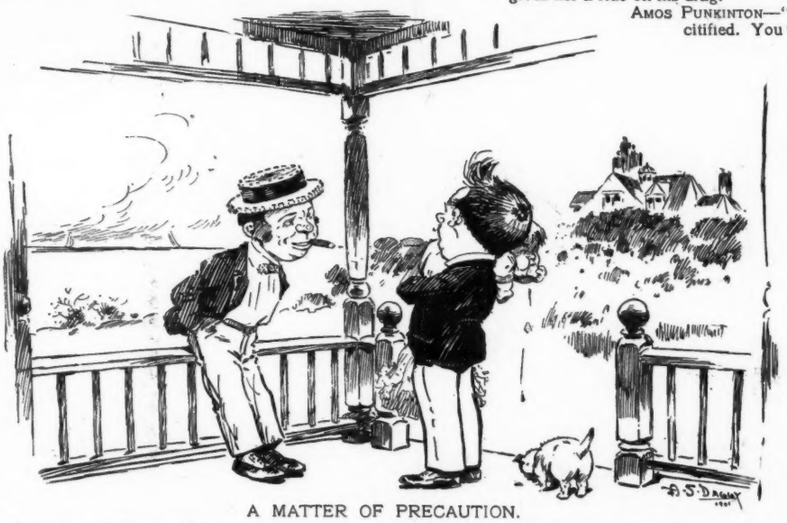
THE camel is now called the automobile of the desert.



A DRAG AS HE KNEW IT.

MRS. PUNKINTON—"Emmy writes thet her rich New York feller takes her out to his country place ev'ry evenin' an gives her a ride on his drag."

AMOS PUNKINTON—"Gosh! It beats all what girls will do when they git citified. You wouldn't ketch Emmy ridin' on no drag here to hum."



A MATTER OF PRECAUTION.

BLEEKER—"I suppose the country relatives you visited this summer will come down here and visit you this winter?"

BAXTER—"I think not. I took special pains to get in an awful row with them just before I left."

WHAT HE MAY HAVE MEANT.

Miss Smith—"The doctor told mother that I'll never see forty. Do you think he means that I have a fatal malady?"

Miss Judson—"Not at all; he means that you'll never get through being thirty-nine."

THE APPLEBUTTERFLY.

APPLEBUTTERFLIES are very sweet,
And they're awfully good things to eat;
They're raised, you must know,
In the country, and so
At a farm-house you'll find them a treat.

CAROLYN WELLS.

Young Tom approached the jardiniere
And said in language calm,
"I think you'll live a long, long time:
That's how I read your palm."

THE REASON.

Isaacstein—"Cohen's friends vos all down on him pecause he vent and got married outside of his race, to a Persian."

Schmoolboch—"Vot did he marry a Persian for?"

Isaacstein—"Pecause she vos a fire-vorshiper."

AT SARATOGA.

Visitor—"What is the name of this spring?"

Attendant—"I call it the codfish."

Visitor—"Why do you give it such a name?"

Attendant—"Because it is so salt that it makes a pretzel of a cruller in a five-minute soak."

"The tea-kettle would sing very well if he did not sing through his nose; but as that is his habit, it is something dreadful"

THE LINGERING THANKSGIVING.

THANKSGIVIN' DAY!
Thanksgivin' Day! The day of all the year!—
Unless 'twas Chris'mas, anyway—I still recall its cheer.
Back through the maze of olden days I look to scenes I've known,
And smack my lips to see the feast and hear the table groan.
I see my gran'pa sittin' there, an' watch his genial smile,
With Angelina an' my ma just beamin' all the while.
And, oh, that table was a sight to do the hungry good!
And, oh, we children squirmed and squirmed while gran'pa blessed the food!
Great big turkey on a platter,
Brown and lusty, fat and fatter;
Sweet potatoes fried in butter;
Suckling piggie still a-sputter;
Cranb'ries like ambrosia olden;
Pumpkin-pie all brown an' golden;
Mince-pie, too, but lacking brandy—
Oh, that dinner was a dandy!
And, oh, my sister and myself strove both to dine and sup,
And ate and ate and ate some more, and sighed to give it up.

Thanksgivin' Day! Thanksgivin' Day! The beauty of the feast
Is that it was not finished quite for one full week at least.
On Friday we had turkey cold and hash of suckling pig;
On Saturday we picked the bones, on them for meat to dig;
On Sunday we had turkey-soup, on Monday giblet-stew;
On Tuesday mother heaved a sigh and said the rest would do
For one more ration, for we came of saving pedigree,
And so about the board we tried
an *en masse* fricassee.
Turkey cold and turkey heated;
Turkey cold again repeated;
Pig for breakfast, pig for dinner,
Meanwhile getting thin and thinner;
Bones of pig and turkey scrambled;
Shanks whereon the piggie gamboled;
Watery soup by turkey shaded—
So Thanksgivin' faded, faded,
Till gran'pa heaved a sigh an' said, his eyes on heaven cast:
"We're grateful that Thanksgivin' Day has petered out at last."

A. J. WATERHOUSE.

THE USUAL SOURCE.
EDITH—"What is 'automobile' derived from?"
ETHEL—"A rich husband, usually."

AT ATLANTIC CITY.

Count Pulaski—"I want to get your rates."

Hotel-keeper—"Six a week and found, I think. The head waiter will be here in a minute."

WHY HE WAS RUINED.

Actor—"Some one has stolen all my summer togs, and I am ruined."

Bar-tender—"How does that ruin you?"

Actor—"Because it leaves me with nothing to hock to get my winter things out."

IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Boniface—"What do you think of this grand electric storm?"

Critic—"Just a bit too tawdry and theatrical."

VHY IT VOS.

Einstein—"You don't know de game vell enough to blay French billiards."

Zweistein—"I don't blay pecause I likes der game; it vos pecause it vos blayed mit dree balls."

JOHNNY'S CONCLUSION.

Johnny—"When they say stock is at par don't they mean one hundred?"

Johnny's father—"They do."

Johnny—"And is that why we say we are parboiled when it's one hundred in the shade?"

PATERNAL GRATIFICATION.

Mr. Mosestein—"Vhat vher you blaying mit Sphiegelbach's leedle poy dis morning?"

Ikey—"Ve vher blaying mit fire."

Mr. Mosestein—"Dot's a good leedle poy."

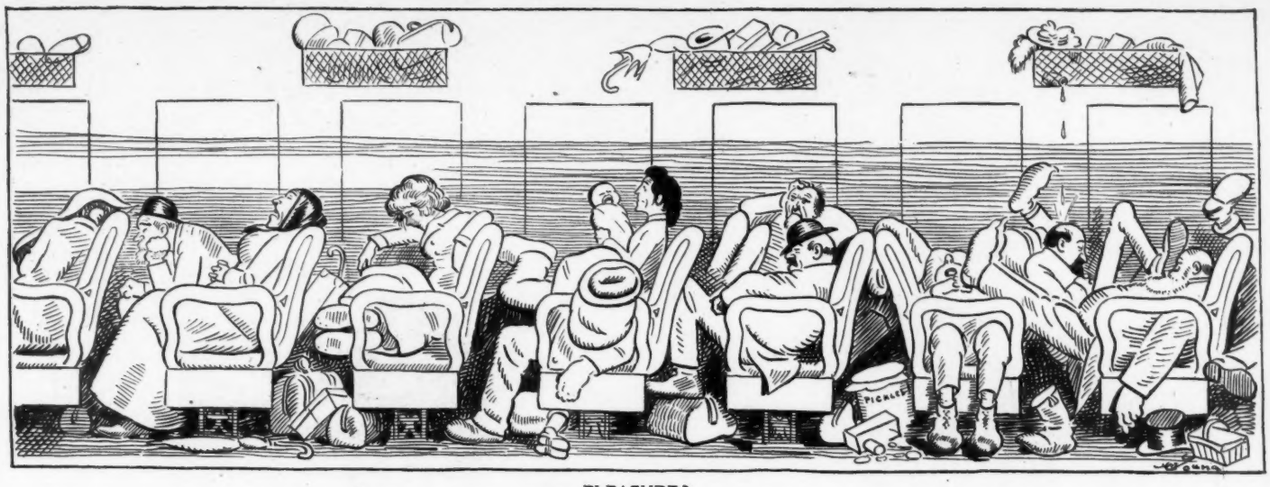
A JERSEY NOTE.

A JERSEYMAN has just trained a swarm of bees to make honey of glucose. He has also produced a new flower, which he calls "The Milkman's Delight," by crossing the water-lily with the milkweed.

A CRUMB OF COMFORT.

Schmool—"I vos so sorry to hear dot your brother Levi vos burned up to det, Isaac."

Isaac—"It vos awful sad, Schmool, but he vos heavily insured."



PLEASURE?
Midnight on a cheap excursion—sometimes called a pleasure excursion.

THE COW THAT KICKED THE BUCKET.

A COW that had given milk for several years, receiving in return nothing but food, and that often of poor quality and insufficient quantity, decided to make an effort to better her condition.

"I can't strike and quit work," she thought. "Nature has attended to that. But I can keep my cruel owner from profiting by my milk-producing habits."

When the next milking-time came she waited until the farmer had filled the pail with the white fluid, when she promptly kicked it over, spilling its contents on the farmer's clothing.

The farmer, whose ideas of life were exceedingly crude, seized his one-legged milking-stool and broke three of the cow's ribs.

Moral—"Well," mused the cow as she was convalescing, "I think that I will hereafter be satisfied with writing letters to the papers."

W. BOB HOLLAND.

BUNNY—"Say, little girl, what's the use of crying over your doll? Take one of us."

REFLECTIONS OF A SPINSTER.

TRUE pleasures uplift a man. The false ones are his vices.

There are few married couples who have not at some time contemplated divorce.

Beautiful women attract men, but charming women hold them.

The best religion is the mutual adoration of a married couple.

Sentiment in woman centres in the heart; in man, in the brain.

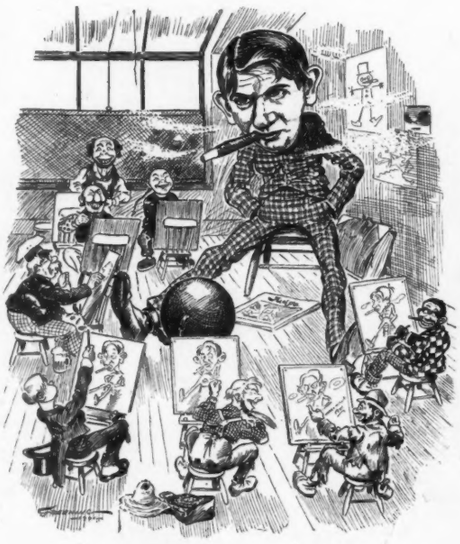
It is the chief fault of women to be careless of a love they possess.

The older a woman grows the sweeter sound the words, "I love you."

There is nothing a man should guard so zealously as the confidence of the woman who loves him.

A college education is superfluous to a genius or a fool.

VADA AGNEW.



IN TOPSY-TURVY LAND.
CHORUS OF VICTIMS (*to comic artist*)—"Here's where we get a chance at you. Will we make you look pretty? Oh, *yes!*"

A CURIOSITY.

"ARE you the keeper of the zoological garden?" I asked.

"I'm one of him," was the reply.

"Ah, thanks. Then perhaps you can show me the cage of the hootmongoose."

ANOTHER CASE OF MAHOMET'S MOUNTAIN.

Jim—"Did the Uptowns succeed in getting a new piano for their flat?"

Jack—"No. They had to get a new flat to fit the piano."

SO, SO.

Wango—"Is Mrs. Gabber much of a talker?"

Gowan—"Well, she's a great small talker."

POSSIBLE.
PROFESSIONAL LAME MAN—"Why do you fellows always travel in pairs?"
THE DUMB ONE—"Well, you see, I asks for the money and Reggy, me blind partner here, looks out for the counterfeit coins."

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PUBLIC OPINION MARKS THE PLACE FO

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CE FOR THE McKINLEY MEMORIAL.

OH, SHUCKS!

COLONEL CORN—"Ah, my friend, I have looked for you this long while. What has kept you so long?"

MR. NUBBIN—"I would have been here before this had I not been kept in the stocks all summer."

A VISION OF VENICE.

AGAINST the sunset crumbling into gray
And purple at the far horizon's rim
I see each structure dreaming on the wave
In shining white—San Nicoletto here
And there Saint Mark, their oriels ablaze,
Lit by the orb that's dropping to the sea.
The rippling image of the palace gleams
Deep in the bosom of the wind-kissed blue.
The windowed walls are yellow, and I see
The flood of color rapturously caught
By cornice, stucco and martello tower,
By portico and loggia, till they burn
In frosted gold, that changes as the light
Fades in the distance, and the purple urn
Of twilight glimmers in a crust of stars.
Ah, this is Venice, mediæval, quaint,
That lights the vistas of my happy dream
While like a doge I sit and fondly muse
O'er this fine heap of gold so richly massed—
Fair Venice, in the bright similitude
Of a lush omelet, richly arabesqued
And filigreed in sweet conceits of ham.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

NAMING THE BABY.

Mother-in-law (who helps)—"How would Cleopatra sound?"

Father—"Cleopatra is a pretty name; but you must remember, we are selecting a name for my first child, not a parlor-car."

"THE REEL THING."

PAPA SAYS:

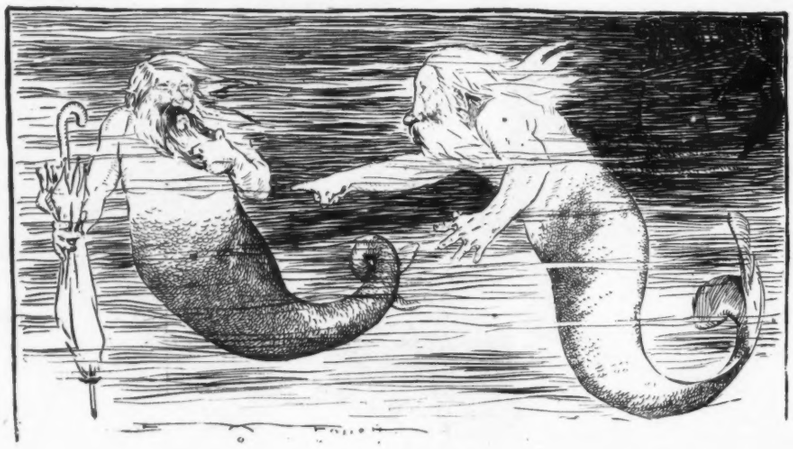
EVERY man who sits around with his hands in his pockets usually has nothing else there.

A thing may be good or it may be cheap—seldom both.

When you want to go to college and haven't the money—go anyhow.

Don't judge a man by his voice. The cheapest watches tick the loudest.

The man who knows nothing, and knows he knows nothing, knows a lot.



CAREFUL.

"What did you bring that umbrella for?"
"Well, I thought the water looked a little cloudy this morning."

ALL SHE WANTED.

MISTRESS—"What! going to leave? Well, you want a 'character,' I suppose?"
COOK—"Yis, mum; but Oi wish ye'd soign a fictious name to it, mum. Oi don't loike it known thot Oi've worked fer such payple."

EASY HONORS.

Young Henry—"Pa, wouldn't you like for me to be captain of a foot-ball team?"

Proud father—"I'd give about anything to see you one."

Young Henry—"It's dead easy for you. If you'll buy the ball, the other fellows said they'd make me captain, so it's all up to you."—*Indianapolis News.*

"I hope," said the drummer, "you were quite satisfied with my report for the past month."

"Well," replied the head of the firm, "there was one part of it that really exceeded our expectations."

"And what was that?"

"Your expense bill."—*Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.*

The New York Central Railroad, not content with breaking all records in each and every department of up-to-date railroading, is now going into the field of letters, and getting out *The Four-Track News*, which abounds in all sorts of information relating to travel, including a choice bit setting forth a formula by which a man with two galleries of artificial teeth may eat a spring chicken of five years in five minutes while the train waits. Mr. George H. Daniels drops into history as gracefully as if the latter were one of Doctor Perry's easy-chairs, and tells us how the New York Central started with one locomotive—the De Witt Clinton—and three Concord stages warmed over into cars, just as a piece of corned beef is warmed over into green-eyed terrapin by the dime restaurant. Now the system controls 10,453 miles of road, and the smile of the man who is the happy possessor of an any-old-sized parcel of its stock is even longer—so much longer that he has to wear an air-brake in his hat to control his hilarity. He knows that this great road-bed is a road-bed of roses for him, while it is also the road-bed that affords the best facilities for walking, if the said Thespian has only the forethought to supply himself with a hand-glass, that he may side-step any and all first-class trains going his way without wasting any time. So far as we know, the New York Central is the only railroad that runs a paper like *The Four-Track News*, which, for all-round success, is, so to speak, a hot journal. After a while Mr. Daniels may, we fancy, have each car of his Sunday trains equipped with a clergyman to preach to the tourists, and on week-days have story-tellers to entertain the public out on the fly. Horse-story, fish-story, ghost-story, and golf-story cars might be so labeled that every traveler might take his choice. Mr. Daniels would write all these stories in his happiest manner, and the real romance of the New York Central would soon be found on the trains and not in the scenery and traditions that bristle along the line. This statement will be credited by all those people who have had the rare good fortune to hear Mr. Daniels tell golf-stories, especially the classic one of a Scotch knight who, after playing for several days up in Maine, where there was no Scotch whiskey, drank so much from a pump that he got what Mr. D. calls aqueous d. t., and saw water-snakes and milkmen. A copy of *The Four-Track News* may be had by sending a two-cent stamp to George H. Daniels, Grand Central Station, Forty-second Street, New York City, U. S. A.

Modern composer—"I've got a new stage song that's bound to make a hit."

Manager—"Any sense in it?"

Modern composer—"None at all."

Manager—"Any fun in it?"

Modern composer—"Not a bit."

Manager—"Any music in it?"

Modern composer—"Not a note."

Manager—"Whoop! We'll take the town!"—*New York Weekly.*

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will make a permanent cure in all cases of cough, or cold on chest or lungs. It will cure when other remedies have failed. Physicians recommend it.

Citizen—"Madam, why do you persist in punching me with your umbrella?"

Madam—"I want to make you look around so I can thank you for giving me your seat. Now, sir, don't go off and say that women haven't any manners."—*Troy Times.*

Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, is a tower of strength. Fly to it in time of weakness. Strengthens and invigorates the whole body. Get it at druggists'.

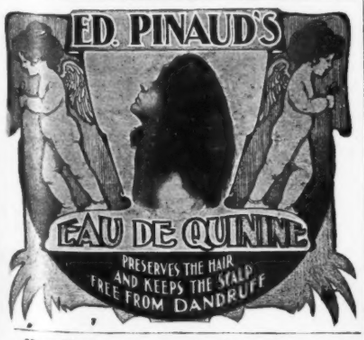
"It seems impossible to break into society," moaned the *parvenu*. "This is the fourth time I have been operated on for appendicitis, and the only invitation I have received is one to call and settle with the surgeon."—*Baltimore American.*

Packer's Tar Soap

is pure, mild, invigorating and antiseptic. It soothes while cleansing, and for more than a quarter of a century has been The Standard

For the Hair and Skin

The Packer Mfg. Co., 81-83 Fulton St., New York.



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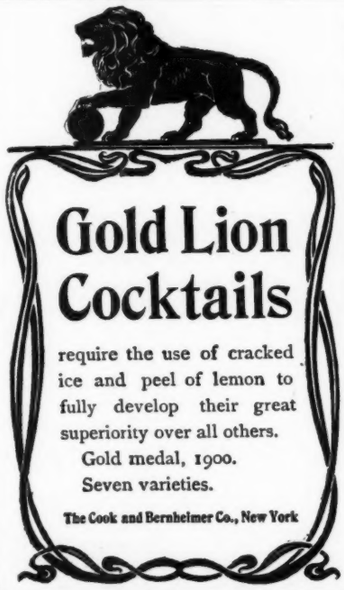


THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 22d St. Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

EARL & WILSON'S COLLARS CUFFS & SHIRTS BEST IN THE WORLD.

THE AUTOMOBILE TO THE HORSE.

Go to, thou equine dotard,
Soon wilt thou find thy place
With other relics of an ancient time;
The dodo, the pelicosaurus,
The thingumbob, and the whatsitsname.
An infant am I, 'tis true,
But what a hearty, lusty fellow,
With a constitution of steel, not mere iron!
Thou would'st point with scorn at my lack of ancestry.
I would have you know
I am the fruit of generations and generations of giant brains,
The conception of years of thought and toil have conceived me.
As the swift-moving railway train has displaced the lumbering stage-coach,
So I will displace you.
I have my faults, but my virtues o'ertower them.
What if I bust a flue,
Or if my carburettor fails to carburette,
Or even if I do short-circuit occasionally?
If I were a horse I'd have the glanders or a spavin,
Or the unromantic colic.
Without a cause I'd shy and throw my rider.
Dost thou know, foolish horse,
Thy days are numbered?
For, be it known,
When man has once begun to feel
The thrill of life above the wheel
Of an automobile,
He turns his pitying eyes upon thee
And murmurs gently,
"Thou wert a good makeshift
In times gone by;
I thank thee kindly,
But with the Alsorans
Thou must stand aside.
G'lang, there!
You won't do
Now."

—*The Motor World.*

Mrs. Whyte—"Your paper at the club last night was very interesting."

Mrs. Browne—"Thank you."

Mrs. Whyte—"After all, I think it is a great deal better to get a paper written for you than to try to work it up yourself."—*Somerville Journal.*

Gold Medal at Pan-American Exposition—Dr. Siegert's Imported Angostura Bitters.

"If there were twenty chickens in a coop," said the teacher, who was trying to fasten the attention of her class of colored children, "and two were missing one morning, how many would you have?"

"Well," answered Pickaninny Jim, "if de chickens was mine in de fus' place I'd have eighteen, an' if dey wasn't I reckon I'd have two."—*Washington Star.*

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT is not recommended for everything; but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. Sold by druggists everywhere in fifty cent and dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this great kidney remedy sent free by mail, also a pamphlet telling all about Swamp-Root and its great cures. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and be sure to say you read this advertisement in JUDGE.

What was the cost per game?—when 6,175 games were played with one 25-cent pack of

Bicycle Playing Cards

Letter from player who did this, and a colored reproduction of the cards he used, FREE, on request. Bicycle cards always wear well.

Gold Medal, Buffalo, 1901.
Grand Prix, Paris, 1900.
Highest Award, Chicago, 1893.

A 120-page condensed Hoyle mailed for 6 flap ends of Bicycle boxes or five 2c. stamps.

The U. S. Playing Card Co., Dept. 26, Cincinnati, O.

PLANTATION PHILOSOPHY.

Bein' in de worl', de very best t'ing we orter know is—what we is here fer.

It don't take us long ter know des how de worl' gwine; en de best t'ing we kin do is ter go' long wid it en say nothin'.

Hope is a fine t'ing ter cultiwate; but w'en hope goes back on you, de best way ter do is ter tu'n back en cultiwate hope over ergin.

De rain falls on de jest en de unjest—de only trouble is, de jest gits drownded ez frequent ez what de unjest does. En dat's whar we falls ter doubtin'.

June brings de peach en de watermelon; whar'fo', let de sun shine en de worl' blaze.—*Arkansaw Thomas Cat.*

NEW YORK THEATRES.

Manhattan Theatre B'way & 33d St., New York.
MRS FISKE
and her company in
THE UNWELCOME MRS. HATCH
An Everyday Drama by MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

Mr. Whyte—"Your paper at the club last night was very interesting."

Mrs. Browne—"Thank you."

Mrs. Whyte—"After all, I think it is a great deal better to get a paper written for you than to try to work it up yourself."—*Somerville Journal.*

Mr. Botts—"I think, my dear, I have at last found the key to success."

Mrs. Botts—"Well, just as like as not you'll not be able to find the key-hole."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Stern father—"Didn't I tell you not to call again, sir?"

Suitor—"I know; but I didn't call to see your daughter. I came on behalf of our firm, about that little bill"——

Stern father—"Er—er—call again, won't you?"—*Boston Globe.*

The Wages of Wisdom is Content!

Evans' Ale and Stout

Gratify the thirsty and please the wise.

Order of any dealer.
C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.

Arnold Constable & Co.

Rich Laces.

Honiton, Duchess, and Brussels Point,
Point Appliqué and Round Point.
Point Venise Allovers, Galons and Laces to match.
Irish Crochet Allovers.

Broadway & 19th St.
NEW YORK.

New York Central's Grand Central Station, CENTER OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

Men and Women

For their physical needs, men seek and will have the best stimulant, and find perfection in

Hunter Baltimore Rye

For the physical needs of women, when recommended, it is a pure and perfect tonic.

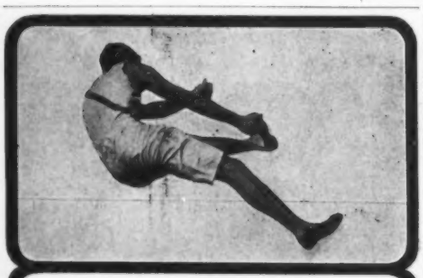
Sold at all first-class cafés and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

BY THE FIREPLACE.

Pile the oak logs higher!
Ain't this weather fine?
Winter, and a fire,
An' Jenny's hand in mine!

All the rest are swingin'
The bright gals down the line,
But sweeter music 's ringin'
Where Jenny's hand 's in mine.

An' ain't the dancin' clever?—
But all I would resign
To walk the world forever
With Jenny's hand in mine!
—*Atlanta Constitution.*



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New York ROCHESTER, N. Y. Chicago

A genius is a man who can make other men believe he knows more than they do.—*Atchison Globe.*

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Agents in all Principal Cities

HOCH!

(It is said that Emperor William will sail a yacht for the America's Cup in 1902.

Oh, clang your shields in ecstasy, ye gallant sons of Mars,
And shake the giddy welkin with your ringing battle-cars!
Let not the glad wind cease to blow, the mellow sun to shine,
And welcome to America the War Lord of the Rhine!

Ah, how the weird three-cornered words will hiss along the breeze!
Ah, how the meerschaum overworked will glow and cough and wheeze!
Ah, how with mad enthusiasm the swarming boats will rock
To watch the white sails flying through an atmosphere of bock!

For William 's coming over, and we're glad to see him come!
We'll go in training vocally and make the heavens hum;
We'll slay the fatted bretzel and lead forth the weeping stein,
And lay them on the altar of the War Lord of the Rhine!

Come over here, dear William, and take anything you see—
Except the cup!—I'm pained to say, you'll have to let it be!
That article, dear William, is a thing we can't resign—
'Twould pine away with Heimweh, even on your sunny Rhine!

Hail, William! You are welcome! Bring your stoutest hearts along!
Our breezes in your rigging shall resound the German song.
We'll fill you up with jolly and we'll send you down the line!—
It's Hoch! the gallant Kaiser! and it's Hoch! the sunny Rhine!
—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

The Sohmer Piano has always maintained a leading position, and to-day it has few equals, and no superiors. The Sohmer can rest upon its merits, and win every time.

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD
Great Double Track Scenic Highway between NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA and BUFFALO, NIAGARA FALLS and CHICAGO. Address Chas. S. Lee, General Passenger Agent, New York, for illustrated descriptive matter.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

BROTHER DICKEY ON POVERTY.

"Poverty," said Brother Dickey, "hez been a great blessin' ter me en mine. I never had money 'nuff in all my life ter make me set up in bed en ax myse f, 'How long fo' daylight?' I never had no money in de bank, en never felled down en broke my neck tryin' ter ketch de cashier w'en he lef' word dat he was takin' exercise fer his helt; en I never had one dollar in a railroad fer de receiver ter be t'ankful fer what he wuz 'bout ter receive. Rich mens is ez necessary ez taxes, en des 'bout ez popular, sometimes, but dey got mo' troubles dan what I got. Dey all hez dese highfalutin' diseases what no mens kin pernounce, en now matter how much money dey gives de church de preacher's private opinion is dey ain't ez fur frum hell ez next month is frum Chris'mus. But de po' mens pull t'roo somehow, en w'en dey gives up de ghost hit's allus wid sum good, ol'-fashion complaint like de measles, or de brokebone fever, or de seven-year eetch, en de rub-down rheumatism. De patch is on dey britches, but de peace is in dey min."—*Exchange.*

THE SHANK BROTHERS—"Take our seat, madam."

The Remington Typewriter

has the

Lightest Touch

that saves labor; and does the quickest work—that saves time. Time and labor saved by the REMINGTON.

Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict, New York.

"Best because it Slides."

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Holds the shoe perfectly rigid, leaving both hands free to polish. It is instantly adjusted (can be screwed to any wall or casing), permitting holder to be removed when not in use.

SEE THE SLIDE?

"Nickel finish" Combination Form, to fit both men's and women's shoes. Sent, with Box of Blackola Polish and Polishing Cloth, upon receipt of

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THE COULTER MFG. CO.
P. O. Box 24,
Dept. H, Philadelphia, Pa.

"What is your occupation?" asked the attorney.

"I haven't any," the witness answered.

"I work in a boiler factory."

"Well, don't you call that an occupation?"

"No, sir. I call that a job."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

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THE CAUSE.

GLADYS—"Your lip is chapped. Have you been 'roughing it'?"
ETHEL—"No; but Jerrold has."

THOSE "OFF" DAYS.

There are days when every single thing you
try to do goes wrong;
You cannot even twist your necktie right;
You cannot get your hair to part exactly as it
should;
Your breakfast will not coax an appetite;
Every finger that you have seems to be made
into a thumb;
Your brain cannot be brought around to
think,
And everything you try to do goes just the
other way—
And then you stick your pastebrush in the
ink!

There are days that come to all of us when
matters take a twist;
The very morning paper makes us mad;
We do not like the way the sun comes slinking
from the east;
We vow our luck 's the worst we ever had;
The man we want to pleasantly impress does
not appear—
Instead there comes some one from whom we
shrink;
And, taken altogether, life is such a hollow
thing—
'Tis then you stick the pastebrush in the
ink!

Now, that's the fiercest climax to all these unlucky things;
It coaxes all our swear words to the front—
To jab the blasted ink-well with the idiotic
brush
Will make a man arrange a swearing stunt.
And then it is the jingles fail to jingle as they
should,
And pointless jokes are all that one can
think.
Of all unlucky days, the hoodoo settles on the
one
That sees us stick the pastebrush in the ink!

—*Josh Wink in Baltimore American.*

Strengthens

VIN MARIANI

World Famous Mariani Tonic

It is found especially useful in Nervous Troubles, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Consumption, Overwork, Indigestion, La Grippe, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Tardy Convalescence, and Throat and Lung Troubles.

All Druggists. Refuse Substitutes.

"An optical illusion," explained the teacher, "is something which you believe you see, but which you really do not see at all."

"Yes, I know!" exclaimed Johnnie, beaming. "That's w'ot paw seen when he didn't see snakes."—*Ohio Journal.*

There is enough sunshine in the world to recompense us for all the rain, but it is still a good idea to hold on to your umbrella.—*Arkansaw Thomas Cat.*

A Beautiful Holiday Gift

The Stanlaws Collection of Original Water-color Proofs of Drawings of the "STANLAWS GIRL"

PRICE, $3.00 PER SET OF EIGHT PICTURES

Miniature reproduction of picture mounted and framed in passe-partout.

The collection consists of eight of the very best examples of Stanlaws' work, colored by hand in aquarelle. The size of each picture is 12½ x 19 inches. The complete series of eight pictures, handsomely mounted, are sold at $3.00 for the series. Or any one of the series, most beautifully mounted and framed in passe-partout, ready for hanging on the wall, will be sold at $2.00 each.

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THERE are winsome girls and winsome girls, but only one Stanlaws Girl; she is a girl by herself—an artistic creation. To attempt to describe or to dissect her, and give anything like a correct idea of the elusiveness of her charms, of the whimsicality of her conceits, and the pensiveness of her many poses, would be quite impossible. She is captious and coy; she is dainty and petite. She doesn't belong to the period of spinning-wheel and harpsichord, and yet she is not entirely without a suggestion of the beauty of the courtly colonial damsel. She is just what she is—the Stanlaws Girl, whose beauty changes and becomes more pronounced in every light that ripples in her diaphanous draperies. She defies analysis and beggars description as much as does the perfume of the rose, the silver of the moonbeam, or the chaste auroral zephyr whirling giddily around in a flurry of peach blossoms.

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MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFACTORY.
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Lady—"What a number of scars on your face! Were you in any great battle?"

Cinder Charley—"No'm; I got shaved in a barber-school."—*Philadelphia Record.*

EAT COOK'S FLAKED RICE

Put in colander

SEND ONE COUPON AND 10 CTS. FOR OUR DOLL.

DON'T COOK.

1. Pour the dry flakes from the package into a colander.
2. Put a liberal amount of salt into a little boiling water.
3. Pour the boiling salted water on the rice, through the colander.
4. Drain, shake slightly, and turn out on a hot dish; serve with sugar and milk. That is all—and the rice is perfectly prepared in less than a minute.

Salt the water

Pour water through

FOR BABY TOO.

NEW BORN INFANTS—One cup of Cook's Flaked Rice, one quart water, boil ten minutes, add a pint of milk, pinch of salt, and a very little sugar, and strain.

THREE MONTHS OLD CHILD—Use double the quantity of Cook's Flaked Rice (two cups) and do not strain.

Empty into dish

COOK'S FLAKED RICE CO., 1 Union Square New York.

A KODAK

Christmas *is the* Merriest Christmas.

Amid the festivities of Christmas-tide one often finds the greatest charm of picture taking. The children, the children's tree, the visit at the old home, the flash-light at an evening gathering, the merry sleighing party, the home portraits of one's friends—all these offer subjects that have a personal interest, that one cherishes more highly as the years go by.

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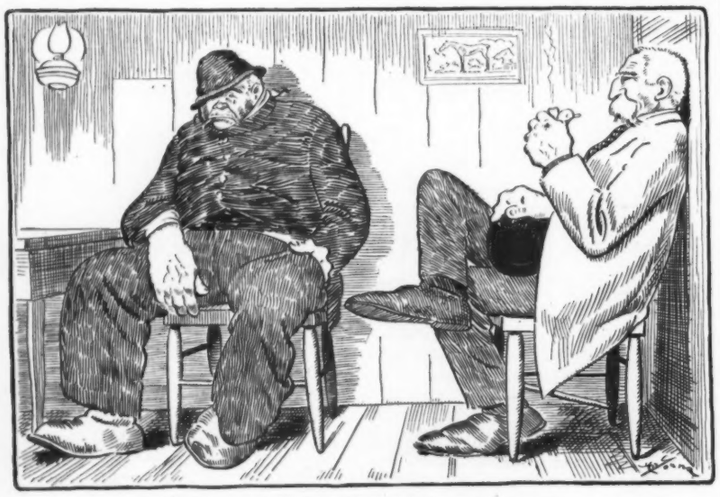
Christmas Booklet free at the Dealers or by Mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y.



THE HOME ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE.

"Say, Bill; yer mopin' like a sick dog. W'ot's eatin' yu?"
"Me woman 's dead."
"Well, yu didn't do nothin' but cuss an' abuse her when she was alive."
"Dat's de trubble—ain't nobody to cuss and 'buse now."

THE Keeley Cure

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I AM not speaking from theory when I refer to the effects of the Keeley treatment. I speak from an ample experience — from the closest observation. Statements made about the treatment being deleterious to health are all bosh. It is just exactly the contrary. I have seen these nervous, haggard, distressed-looking drunkards go away from here, and, when reporting to me upon their return, I did not need (after observing the complete physical metamorphosis which had taken place in one month) to hear them say they never felt better in their lives to believe the treatment has been a physical as well as a moral benefit to them. The effect upon discipline here is simply marvelous.
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Dallas, Tex., Belleview Place.
Salt Lake City, Utah, 164 E. First So. St.
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Richmond, Va., 403 No. 12th St.
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Waukesha, Wis.
Toronto, Ont., 786 Queen St. West.
Winnipeg, Man., 65 Roslyn Road.

"Non-Heredity of Inebriety," by Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, mailed upon application. LESLIE E. KEELEY, M.D., LL.D.

MR. HINNIGAN ON DIPLOMACY.

By La Monte Waldron.

"SHPAKIN' av th' intynational sitooation," remarked Mr. Hinnigan to Mr. Flinnigan, as the latter added another shoveliful of cinders to the fire, "did yez iver paws t' considher, Flinnigan, th' troo nature av diplo-macey?"

"Oi niver heard av Diplo Macey," replied Flinnigan. "Now, there's Mick Macey, what horses brick fer Mulligan th' conthractor, an' Dan Macey on th' railroad crossin', but th' wan yez mintion are a stranger t' me."

Mr. Hinnigan assumed an expression that made him appear like a cross between an aggravated bull-pup and a Hindu idol, and, elevating his voice about an octave, interrupted his host.

"Flinnigan," he asserted, "if comprehinsion were sellin' at th' foive an' tincint shtores Oi'd inthertain some hope fer yez, but at toimes yer as dinse as a shlab av rock. Oi hov riference t' th' art av diplo-macey as practiced be th' rippysintatives av wan country in some other country, an' not t' th' Macey fam'ly."

"Yez remoind me av Casey whin he are makin' a po-litical spache," retorted Flinnigan in self-defense. Yez ought t' dishtribute a book av diffynitions t' th' aujence befoor yez commince yer oration."

"As Oi wor sayin'," continued Mr. Hinnigan, "th' troo diplo-mat are a child av Munchausen. Incidintally, Flinnigan, Munchausen wor th' champeen liar av th' Dootch. Th' ginnywine diplo-mat are a lad what can relave himsilf av tin thousand wurds widout revalin' t' th' other felly what are on his moind. His langwidge consists av mintil riservations an' hot air, as they say in th' wist. It are his jooty t' foind out what th' other lad knows widout showin' his hand. He don't begin diplo-matin' be placin' his hand in th' air an' kissin' th' book. Th' raysult are an ixchange av wurds thot wud make Ananias take t' th' tallest timber an' hang himself be his suspenders as far as he wor able t' climb on th' highest three."

"Yez same t' hov somethin' agin dippylomats," said Mr. Flinnigan as he masticated the stem of a corncob pipe. "Did wan av thim iver sell yez a goold-brick?"

"As I wor sayin'," continued Mr. Hinnigan, without vouchsafing a reply, "diplo-macey are no job fer th' man whose conscience are not covered be boiler-iron, unliss he hov rejooced it t' a mere vermiform appindix be long neglict or hittin' it a good rap on th' hid whiniver it bekem obstrep'rous.

"What Oi wor gittin' down to, Flinnigan, wor th' sitooation in th' far aste. There are diplo-macey fer yez. In th' town av Conshtantinople are a felly wid a fez. Oi raygard him as th' man wid th' ricord as far as diplo-matin' are concerned. He are so riticint he wears a gag, an' he kapes th' powers a-shtandin' around him in a ring, ache av thim wid an eye on th' lad nixt him an' a hand on his six-shooter. An', moind yez, Flinnigan, this Turk are a sick man, far from bein' convaliscint. Manny an' manny 's th' toime he wud hov ben called out t' defind himsilf had not his docthor appeared in th' back dure av th' Yildiz pallas an' held up a warnin' hand t' th' powers cavoortin' in th' near-by shtrates not t' make so much nize. An' thin they shpread shtraw on th' thorrofares be th' sultan's hidquarthers an' wint away on tiptoe t' wait ontil he wor sufficiently shtrong t' shlap back whin somewan hit him.

"Thin, Flinnigan, there are th' czar av all th' Roosias. He are no amachoor as a diplo-mat. Yez will recall thot he waved th' gavel in th' famous pace-conferince called racintly fer th' purpose av prevailin' on th' other lads t' lay down goons an' sase minacin' th' poor, wake Shlav. Oi hov it from an ixcillent soorce thot, whoile th' dillygates wor wranglin' over th' quistion who shud dhrop his waypons first, th' czar wint t' an anty-room an' ordhered his navy-yard t' immajetly conshtruct eighteen more battle-ships an' twinty-foive torpado-boats.

"But, Flinnigan, thot are naypher here nor in Conshtantinople. T' con-clude me riferince t' th' invalid av th' Yildiz, who wears middles be th' hunderd fer diplomatin', Oi moight raymark thot ivery toime th' powers rache his foive-yard line he are taken wid a new shtyle av pains. In ordher t' be th' bist diplo-mat he don't hov to say annythin' thot are not so. He pounds his cimmyter on th' flure an' calls fer a grane apple or a pint av tomanes. An' Oi am lid t' belave thot th' czar an' him belongs t' th' same lodge, an' thot whin they mate th' monarch av all th' Roosias puts his right thoomb t' his right ear an' wiggles all th' fingers on thot hand."

For a few minutes Flinnigan seemed to have been dazed by the dissertation. Finally he broke the silence by asking,

"Yez wint t' th' raycint ixposition, didn't yez?"

"Yez know Oi did," replied Mr. Hinnigan.

"Well," continued Flinnigan, "yez should hov kept off th' Midway. Some black-whiskered felly wid a pair av pants thot made him look loike a flyin'-machane hov ben imposin' on yez. An', Hinnigan, yez kin bet yure loife he wor a dippylomat."

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En only me ter eat 'im!

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Only me ter eat 'im!
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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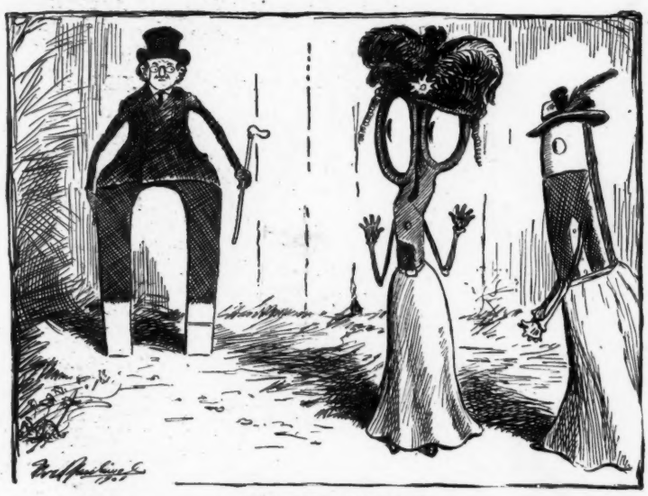

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THEY DIDN'T HAVE A BLEMISH.

THE WOMAN—"Have those dogs got a pedigree?"
THE MAN—"Verdigrees, did yer say?"
THE WOMAN—"Mercy, no! Pedigrees—ancestors."
THE MAN—"No'm; dey hain't got a blemish w'otever—not even fleas!"